KAROLYI CHARGED WITH PLOT

French and Roumanian Documents Prove Hungarian Revolt Was Intended To Test Allies' Policy Toward Powers.

Paris.-Reports to the French foreign office indicate the Hungarian revolution was staged largely with the purpose of testing the strength of the will of the entente powers with the idea that Germany also might rapidly disintegrate.

Documents in possession of the Roumanian and French governments, the newspapers say, prove the advent of the communist regime in Hungary was due in great part to a maneuver of Count Karolyi in conjunction with the German government. The movement was aimed directly at the allied powers, it is said.

Reports received from Budapest by the American peace delegation indicate that the new rulers of Hungary are giving assurances that they are anxious for peace on all fronts and that the new army they are creating is directed toward the maintenance of order and not for purposes of aggres-

The new Hungarian officials are attempting to draw a distinction between communism, which they say they are trying to practice, and Bolshevism. They declare they are not copying the Russian programme, but things to discuss. He heard her disare forming dictinctly different pol-

ROUMANIA QUEEN GRATEFUL.

Expresses Thanks To United States For Services During War.

Washington.-Ambassador Davis advised the state department that the queen of Roumania, who is visiting in England, had asked that he express to the women of America her gratitude for their services to the Roumanian people during the war. The queen expressed her appreciation of many invitations received to visit America, sion of her present visit to England to luncheon, By?" she was going to return to her own

TO CROSS ATLANTIC IN TWENTY HOURS

NEWFOUNDLAND-TO-IRELAND AIR FLIGHT AS FIGURED BY NOTED EXPERT.

London.-From Newfoundland Ireland in twenty hours, making use of the prevailing wind, is now figured as a very sane problem by Maj. C. C Turner, one of England's foremost avi

This is calculated possible with the R-33, the gigantic new rigid airship which the British government has just started out under experiments. Maj Turner believes that the airship is te play a great part in trans-Atlantic voy ages for reasons that have not ye been fully explained. It is not a ques tion of rivaling the airplane.

So far as duration of voyage withou refuelling is concerned, the airship threatens to rival the steamship, says Maj. Turner.

"The R-33, which is only a prelude to greater vessels, will be able to keep her engines going for about six days But whenever the wind is favorable which will usually be the case one way or the other across the Atlantic, i can stop some or all of its enginer and drift toward its port.

"The fastest steamship is unable to derive much profit from a favorable

GERMANU-BOATS SAIL TO U.S.

Washington.-Five surrendered Ger man submarines left England for the United States manned by American crews and convoyed by the American submarine tender Bushnell.

They are expected to arrive in Amer ican water late in April and will be displayed at ports to be selected it connection with the next Liberty lear campaign.

Naval Airmen Killed. Pensacola, Fla.-Three naval avia tors were killed and another badly in jured here in a collision between two seaplanes flying over Santa Rosa isi

The planes, which were attached to the training station here, had been out fur some 'ime, two aviators in each, when in some unknown way they collided about 100 feet above the ground The three men killed met instant death, some spectators believing they were killed by the force of the colli-

HUNGARIAN REVOLT TEST OF STRENGTH FRENCH REPORTS SAY THE MOVE WAS INTENDED LARGELY THE THIRTEPHANDMENT.



DAPHNE, AIDED AND ABETTED BY HER SISTER-IN-LAW, SUCCUMBS TO LURE OF THE SHOPS.

Synopsis,-Clay Wimburn, a young New Yorker on a visit to Cleveland, meets pretty Daphne Kip, whose brother is in the same office with Clay in Wall street. After a whirlwind courtship they become engaged. Clay buys an engagement ring on credit and returns to New York. Daphne agrees to an early marriage, and after extracting from her money-worried father what she regards as a sufficient sum of money for the purpose she goes to New York with her mother to buy her trousseau. Daphne's brother, Bayard, has just married and left for Europe with his bride, Leila. Daphne and her mother install themselves in Bayard's flat. Wimburn introduces Daphne and her mother to luxurious New York life. Daphne meets Tom Duane, man-abouttown, who seems greatly attracted by her. Daphne accidentally discovers that Clay is penniless, except for his salary. Bayard and his wife return to New York unexpectedly.

CHAPTER VI-Continued.

Her sympathies would ordinarily bute between him and his wife. But ihis was a dispute between Bayard and love. It was sacrilegious for him lems, life problems, all social instituto go on reading the Times when his tions, were being ripped up and rebride had so much more important made, all the relations of masters and cuss them as through a morning paper | mais. darkly, and he made the wrong answers, and finally he snatched out his watch, glared it in the face, gasped, like a train-catcher at a lunch-counter.

It was thus that he heard Leila wall, 'What's to become of me all morn-

Bayard stared at her sharply, but spoke softly enough: "Why, I don't know, honey. There ought to be plenty for you to do. The Lord knows there's enough for me at the office."

"All right," sighed Leila. "I'll be noon, with my sweet new sister's help. different to which nations were shootand said she hoped to do so at some But we'll come down and lunch with ing at which. Bayard hesitated, ap- cover you with an aureole." future time, although at the conclu you. About what time do you go out

Bayard's answer was discouraging: "This is one of the three days a week when the heads of the firm always lunch at Delmonico's in a private room. I'm afraid I can't lunch with you to-

"And you'll leave me this whole terrible day? I can never exist so long without you."

"I'm mighty sorry, honey. But men And I've spent a lot of money, and I've got to go down and earn some more to

buy pretty things for my beauty." This brightened her in a way he had not expected, and a little too far beyond his hopes. Gloom left her face like a cloud whipped from before the

sun. She dazzled him with her smile, "Oh, I know what to do! Daphne and your mother and I can go shop-

Bayard's heart flopped. He wondered what on earth more there was in the shops that she could want to long. buy. She had come to the marriage with her trousseau only partly completed, on account of the haste of the wedding. But she had bought and bought in Europe. She had made his honeymoon anxious by her rapacity for beautiful things to wear. And now that they had come to New York with their old trunks bulging and new trunks bought abroad bulging, and had paid a thumping sum at the custom house, now she was still eager to go shopping!

What he wanted to do was to quit buying for a while and sell something. He dld not say this. Love was slipping the bandage off one eye; but it had not yet removed the sugar stick

that stops the tongue from criticism. Leila grew more cheerful at a terrifying rate: "Go on to your old lunchoon, my dear child, and Daphne and your mother and I will go on a spree in the shops. Then we'll all have a banquet tonight and a theater. and if we're not too tired, a supper; and if you're very good I'll take you to one of those dancing places afterward. I'll buy the theater tickets myself. I'll get good ones. I want to save you as much trouble as I can, honey. So run along to your office and don't worry about us. But you must miss mefrightfully! Will you?"

He vowed that he would, and he meant it. She was a most missable crenture.

He rose to leave, but she stopped him to say. "What play shall we see?" This was the occasion for elaborate debate till Bayard gave signs of trumpeting his wrath and bolting.

Leila graciously released him only to call him back to say that he had forgotten his newspaper.

"I left it for you. Don't you want to read it?" he asked. "I can get another

at the subway station." She shook her head; "There's nothing interesting in the papers. I'm just boastful of their penuries. from Paris, and I know more about the shiens than they de."

Bayard shuddered a little, inly. The times were epic. Immortal progress was being made as never before: anave been with her brother in any dis- cient despotisms were turning into republics, republics were at war with one another; constitutions, labor probmen, mistresses, children, wives, ani-

Yet Lella said there was nothing in the papers! Revolutionary news meant to her a change in the fashion in and attacked the last of his breakfast sleeves, the shift of the equatorial waistline a trifle nearer the bust or a trifle nearer the hips, the release of the ankles from tight skirts. The great rebellion in her world was the abrupt decision of the dressmakers that after years of costumes clinging more and more closely to the human outline they would depart from it in every way possible. Leila was interested vitally in what women would wear and what brave and worry through somehow, till they would leave off, and grandly inpealed again to his watch, gasped at his mother and rushed for the door. Leila put out her arms again.

"I must be last," she cried, and as he bowed into her arms she kissed his pudence that terrified Mrs. Kip: ear and whispered, "and first, too, and all the betweens."

Bayard was a business man from his cradle days. He loved promptitude. He blushed to arrive late at his office must work, and-so-forth. I've been and set a bad example to his stenogaway too long. The office needs me. raphers and clerks. It was his creed that success comes to those who arrive earlier on the battlefield than the others, fight harder, stay longest there, and end every day with the next day's maneuvers clearly realized as part of the next month's campaign.

There was need for concentration in his business, for he had brought back from Europe a sense of great disaster in the air. And there was no encouragement in American business except an instinctive feeling that the worst must be over because it had lasted so

CHAPTER VII.

It was a time when everybody was cutting down appropriations, reducing expenses. Cities, counties, states, nations were all paying the penalty of



In the Window on a Dummy With No Head, No Feet, and a White Satin Bust Hung a Gown That Seemed to Cry Aloud to Daphne.

former extravagances by present econ-

The three women assailed a list of things for Daphne's trousseau with the ened. But Daphne was suffering one they would have. The head waiter a pagola!"

ruthlessness of an auditing commit- of those gusts of mania that ruin peo- told him in a low voice what he ough cided that this gown could be smitted wear that very gown that very afteror postponed, that waist could be had noon. Even to take it off would hurt in a cheaper quality, these parasols like flaying. were not really necessary, those stockings need not be so numerous all at

And yet even Mrs. Kip admitted that reach of her husband's means. Still she insisted that he could provide a them away, but you are such visions in partial trousseau at least. She herself | them!" would "go without things" for ten years if necessary.

Daphne, however, was haunted by the vision of her father's harrowed, money-hungry face. When her mother to go to a tea and my sister has to go reminded her that it was his last chance to do anything for her, she retorted, "Yes, and it's my last chance to do anything for him."

Her pride was wrung by her plight She must either go shabby or cause acute distress to one or both of the men that were dearest of all in the world to her. She must leave behind her a burden of debt as a farewell tribute to her father, or she must bring with her a burden of debt as her

"No!" she cried, with a sudden impatient slash at the Gordian knot. "Clay will have to take me just as I am or take back his diamond ring he wished on me,"

Her defiance was not convincing. Her mother protested:

"It's not Clay that you have to consider. He'll never know what you have on. It's the guests at the wedding-and your old friends and the neighbors. You don't want them to think we're poor and that your father is marrying you off cheap, do you?"

Daphne flared back, "It seems mighty foolish to go and make yourself really poor in order to keep from seeming poor, especially when you never fool anybody except yourself!"

Leila, with the magnanimity of a native spendthrift, tried to soothe the fever of the rebel: "Let's go prowling around, anyway. I may see something I want for myself. Bayard dragged me away from Paris before I had finished shopping. There are several things I need desperately."

The three wise women set forth: they joined the petticoated army pouring from all the homes like a levee en masse, a foray of pretty Huns.

They reached the alluring place where the famous Dutilh, like an amiable Mephistopheles, offered to buy souls in exchange for robes of angelic

In the window, on a dummy, with no head, no feet, and a white satin bust, hung a gown that seemed to cry aloud to Daphne:

"I belong to you and you belong to me! Fill me with your flesh and I will The three forlorn women understood

the hour and the minutes, kissed Leila | the message instantly. They looked at violently, kissed Daphne and kissed one another, then, without a word, entered the shop, doomed in advance. Leila was known to Dutilh and he

> greeted her with an extravagant im-"You little devil!" he hissed. "Get right out of my theater. How dare you

> come here after letting somebody else build your trousseau?" Leila apologized and explained and

he pretended to be mollified as he pretended to have been insulted. Having thus made the field his own, he turned paradise. to Daphne, studied her frankly with narrowed eyes as if she were asking to be a model, and sighed: "Oh, what a narrow escape!"

Daphne jumped and gasped, "From what?"

"That gown in the window, that Lanvin that was born for you. You must stockings and slippers and a hat of the have seen it-the afternoon one in parchment-toned taffeta and tulle."

The women, astounded by his intuition, nodded and breathed hard, like terrified converts at a seance. He was referring to the one that belonged to Daphne, and he ordered her to get into it at once ...

She demurred: "I'm afraid of the price. How much is it, please?"

"Don't talk of money!" Dutilh stormed. "I hate it! Let's see the gown on you." He called one of his tawny manikins. "Help Miss Kip into this gown, Maryla."

A mournful-eyed beauty led Daphne into a dressing room and acted as maid. Daphne stepped out of her street suit into the Parisian froth as if she were going from chrysalis to butterfly. Maryla was murmurous with homage as she fastened it together and led Daphne forth.

Mrs. Kip felt as if she had surrendered a mere daughter and received back a seraphic changeling. Daphne was no longer a pretty girl; she was something ethereal, bewitched and bewitching. If she could own that gown her mother would be repaid for all her pangs from travall on. She would accept the gown as advance royalty on any future hardships.

Daphne looked about for Lella, but Leffn was gone. She reappeared a moment later in a costume almost more delicious than Daphne's-a tunic of pench-blow tulle enught up with pink rosebuds and hanging from a draped bodice of peach-blow satin that formed a yoke low on the hips. And there was a narrow petticoat of peachpink satin. It was as if peaches had a soul, as perhaps they have,

Perfect happiness is said to need a bit of horror to make it complete. The furnished it. They asked the cost with anxiousne

well-say the same price,"

Daphne and her mother were sick-

They cut out this and that, de- ple. Her soul of souls clamored to to have.

petite for resplendent gowns had grown with exercise. .

Dutilh took plty on them: "Look

It was a big reduction, but it left the price still mountain high.

"I want something to wear tomorrow afternoon," Leils said. "Tve get made out Sheila Kemble again, in a with me."

Daphne had not heard of the tea, but she wanted somewhere to go in that gown.

Dutilh smiled: "Nothing easier. them. Where are you living now?"

Lella made a confession: "The trouble is, Mr. Dutilh, that I'm just back from Paris and I haven't a cent left, and Miss Kip is buying her trousseau and has spent more already than she expected to."

Dutilh rose to the balt that he had simple. Why not open an account with actress. She said so. me? Take the gowns along and pay me when you like."

Lella mumbled, "I should have to ask my husband."

Daphne said, "My father wouldn't like me to start an account." "Charge it to your sister's account,

then, and pay her." "You say you would charge them both to me?" said Leila.

"Certainly," said Dutilh. "Send them, then," said Lella, with

imperial brevity. "Thank you," Dutilh smiled. "You shall have them this afternoon. And



"He's Awfully Rich, I Suppose," Sald Daphne.

by the way, I've just remembered a marvelous design by Paul Poiret's. Let me show it to you."

"Come quick; let's run," said Daphne, and she hurried out of the infernal

They dawdled on, down the avenue, pausing at window after window, each flaunting opportunities for self-improvement. But Daphne's joy in her new gown was turning to remorse. She was realizing that that parchmenttoned taffeta needed parchment-toned

same era as the gown. She was startled from her reverles

by the sudden gasp of Lella: "If there Isn't Tom Duane just com-

ing out of his club!" "I met him last night," said Daphne. "You did? Did he say he knew me?" "He said that Bayard stole you from

Lella was flattered, but loyal: "Nonsense. I was never his to steal, I never loved him, of course. It wouldn't have done any good if I had. Tom Duane's a nonmarrier."

"He's awfully rich, I suppose," said Daphne.

"No, not rich at all, as rich people go. But he was mentioned the other day in the will of an old aunt he used to be nice to. He's nice to everybody."

bareheaded, to greet Daphne with flattering cordiality. She was greatly set up to be remembered. She presented him to her mother, who was completely upset at having to meet so famous an aristocrat right out in the street any particular importance to them. when she was still flustered over the ferocious price of Daphne's new dress, "Will you have a bite of lunch with

me?" asked Duane. "We were just going to have something somewhere," said Mrs. Kip. "My husband would object," said

Lella. "I'm not inviting you," said Duane, "I'm inviting the genuine Mrs. Kip. You may come along as old married chaperon, if you have to."

"But Miss Kip is engaged." "So I suspected. That's why I'm

inviting her. I feel safe," As they turned east into Fortyfourth street and entered Delmonico's the carriage man safuted Duane, pedestrian as he was, called him by happiness of the two girls did not lack name, and seemed to be happier for that element. The price of their glory | seeing him. The doorman smiled and bowed him in by name, and Duane

bowed.

Daphne rejoiced. All luxury was music to her. Fine clothes, fine foods on fine dishes, fine horses, motors, fur-Lella had the same feeling. Her ap nitures, fine everything, gave her as exaltation of soul like the thrill of s religion.

New York was heaven on earth. The the whole array was far beyond the here," he said, "I'll make the price two streets were gold, the buildings of jashundred and seventy-five. It's giving per, and the people angels-good angels or bad, as the case might be, but still angels. She wanted to be an

> Among the squads of men and women camped about the little tables she knot of elderly women of manifest importance.

"Isn't that Shella Kemble?" Daphne asked.

"Yes, that's Sheila," said Duane, and he waved to her and she to him. He Take the duds with you or let me send turned back to Daphne. "Awfully nice girl. Like to meet her?"

"I'm crazy to." "I'd bring you together now, but she's completely surrounded by grandes dames."

He named the women, and Mrs. Kip gaped at them as if they were a group of Valkyrs in Valhalla. It startled her expected them to dangle: "That's to see them paying such court to an

"All great successes love one another," Duane explained. "Those old ladies were gentuses at getting born in the best families, and Shella has earned her place. She looks a bit like your daughter, don't you think?"

Mrs. Kip tilted her need and studied Miss Kemble and nodaed. She made the important amendment. "She looks like she used to look like Daphne,"

"That's better," said Tom Duane. "Miss Kip might be her understudy." "How much does an understudy

get?" said Daphne, abruptly. "I haven't the faintest idea!" Duane exclaimed. "Not much, I hnagine, ex-

cept an opportunity." "Is it true that Miss Ketable makes so much?"

"I'd like to trade incomes with her,

that's all. Her manager, Reben, was telling me that she would clear fifty thousand dollars this year." Mrs. Kip was aghast. Daphne was electrified. She surprised Duane with

another question: "You said Miss Kemble was married?" "Yes, and has children, and loves her husband. But she couldn't stand idleness. She's just come back to the

stage after several years of rusting in a small city." Daphne fired one more question

point-blank: "Do you think I could succeed on the stage?" "Why not?" he answered. "You have-with your mother's permission great beauty and magnetism, a delightful voice, and intelligence. Why shouldn't you succeed? You would probably have a peck of ting started, but- Do you know

any managers?" "I never met one." "Well, if you ever decide that you want to try it, let me know, and I can probably force somebody to give you

"I'll remember that," said Dankne. darkly.

She said nothing more while the luncheon ran its course. The women got rid of Tom Duane gracefully-Leila asked him to put them in a taxicab, as they had otill much shopping to do. They rode to department store, and Lella started another account. They rode back to the apartment. There they found & day letter from Daphne's father to her

"As you see by papers big Cowper firm failed today for ten million dollars this hits us hard you better come home not buy anything more situation serious but hope for best den't worry well love. WESLEY."

Mrs, Kip dropped into a chair. The shock was so great that it shook first from her a groan of sympathy for her husband.

"Your poor father! And he's worked so hard and been so careful."

Bayard came home late for dinner and in a state of grave excitement. The great Cowper wholesale establishment had fallen like a steeple, crushing many a house. Indirectly it had rattled the windows of Bayarc's firm; had stopped the banks from granting an important loan. Bayard spent bad day downtown. The news of hie Duane met them now and paused, father's distress was a heavy blow. But he tried to dispense encouragement to the three women who could not suite realize what all the excitement was about, or why the disaster of a big chain of wholesale stores would be a

Bayard was just saying: "I tell you Lella honey, I was the wise boy when I grabbed you, for now I've got you and I need you. Thank the Lord Pro not loaded up with debt. I've kept clear of that."

Daphne is confronted by a situation that forces her to make the most momentous decision of her life and she makes it without the slightest hesitation. You will not want to miss reading about this is the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Builder of Pagoda.

The Burman, if as acquires woulth must also acquire merit-"Kutha"thanked him by name. The hat-boys and this he must to by buildies & Said Dutilh f "To Miss Kip I'll let it greeted him by name and did not give pageds on which shall be set out on go dirt chesp for three hundred and him a check. The head wniter beamed a marble slah how much money be twenty-five. The one Miss-er-Mrs. as if a long-awaited guest of honor spent on building it. He likes peculic spent on building it. Ho likes pecule omies. Rich people were positively Kip has on I'll give away for-ummh, had come, and the captains bowed and to address him as "Builder of a Fagoda," and he will say to his wife Duane did not ask his guests what fore others: "Oh, wife of a helichet